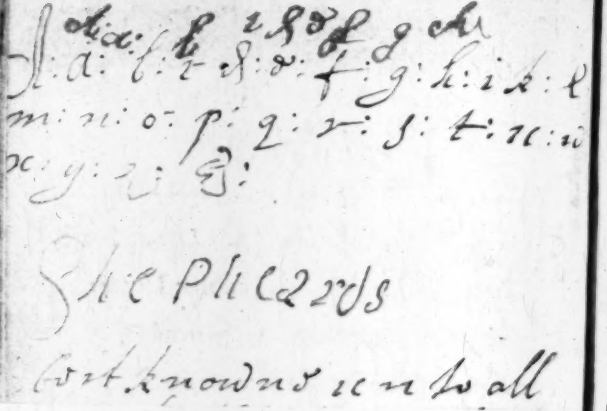

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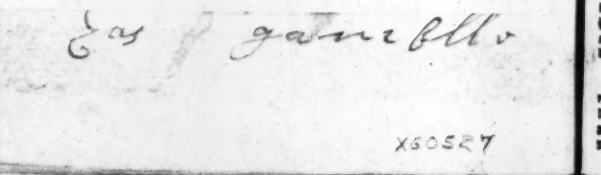

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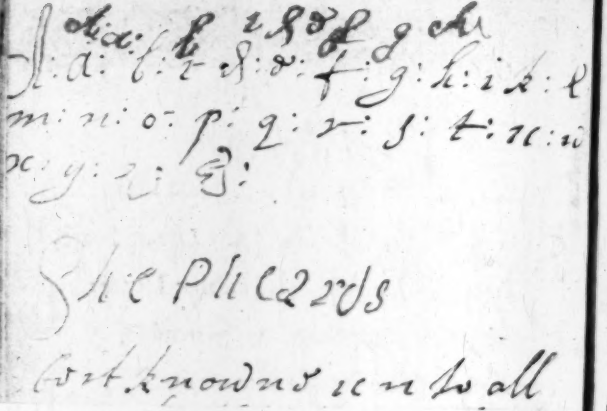

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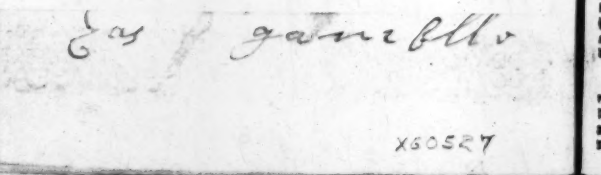


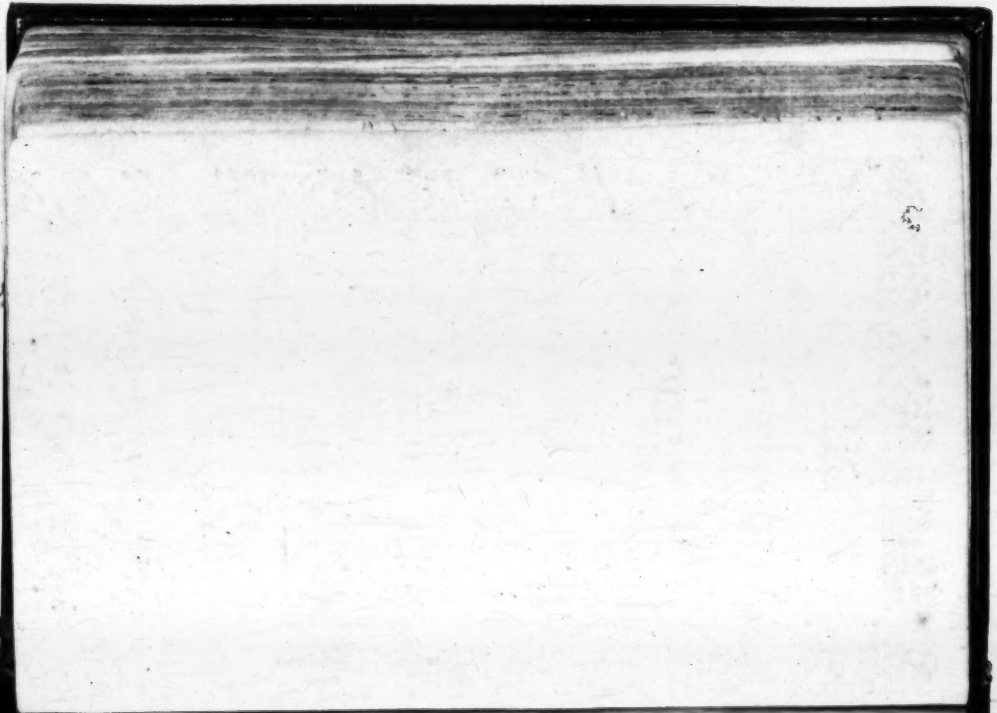
XSOSR7

THE Shepheards Hunting:

Being,
Certaine Eglogues written during the time of the Authors Impriſonment in the *Marſhalſey*.

BY
GEORGE WYTHER
Gentleman.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. White* for *George Norton*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the red Bull neere Temple-barre. 1615.



TO THOSE HONOVRED, NOBLE, and right Vertuous Friends, my Visitants in the *Marshalsey*.

AND, TO ALL OTHER MY VNKNOWNE FAVOVRITES, who either priuatly, or publiquely wished me well in my imprisonment.

NOble Friends; you whose vertues made me first in loue with Vertue: *and whose worths, made me be thought worthy of your loues. I haue now at last (you see) by Gods*

To the Reader.

assistance and your encouragement, run through the Purgatorie *of imprisonment: and by the worthy favour of a iust* PRINCE, *stand free againe, without the least touch of deiected baseneſſe. Seeing therefore I was growne beyonde my* Hope *so fortunate (after acknowledgment of my Creators loue, togeather with the vnequall'd Clemency of so gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke by what meanes I might expreſſe my thankfulneſſe to so many well-deſeruing friends: No way I found to my deſire, neither yet abilitie to performe when I found it. But at length conſidering with my ſelfe what you were, (that is) ſuch, who favour honeſtie for no ſecond reaſon, but becauſe you your ſelues are good; and ayme at no other*

reward,

To the Reader.

reward, but the witneſſe of a ſound conſcience that you doe well, I found, that thankefulneſſe would prone the acceptableſt preſent to ſute with your diſpoſitions; and that I imagined could be no way better expreſſed, then in manifeſting your courteſies, and giuing conſent to your reaſonable demands. For the firſt, I confeſſe (with thankes to the diſpoſer of all things, and a true grateſull heart towardes you,) ſo many were the vnexpected viſitations, and vnhoped kindneſſes receiued, both from ſome among you, of my Acquaintance, and many other vnknowne Well-willers of my Cauſe, that I was perſweded to entertaine a much better conceit of Time, then I lately conceiued, and aſſured my ſelfe that

To the Reader.

Vertue *had farre more followers then I ſuppoſed.*

Somewhat it diſturbed mee to behold our ages Fauourites, whilſt they frowned on my honeſt enterpriſes, to take vnto their protections the egregiouſts fopperies: yet much more was my contentment, in that I was reſpected by ſo many of You: *amongſt whom there are ſome, who can and may as much diſ-eſteeme theſe, as they neglect mee: nor could I feare their Malice or Contempt, whilſt I enioyed your fauours, who (howſoeuer you are vnder-valued by Fooles for a time) ſhall leaue vnto your poſteritie ſo noble a memorie, that your names ſhall be reuerenced by Kings, when many of theſe who now flouriſh with*

To the Reader.

a ſhew of vſurped Greatneſſe, *ſhall either weare out of beeing, or diſpoyled of all their patched Reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes of their beloued Miſtriſſe the* VVorld. *Your* Loue *it is that (enabling mee with patience to endure what is already paſt) hath made mee (alſo) careſull better to prepare my ſelfe for all future miſaduentures, by bringing to my conſideration, what the paſsion of my iuſt diſcontentments, had almoſt quite baniſhed from my remembrance.*

Further, to declare my thankfulneſſe, in making apparant my willing minde to be commanded in any ſeruices of loue, which you ſhall thinke fitte (though I want abilitie to performe great mat-

ters)

To the Reader.

ters)yet I haue according to ſome of your requeſtes, been contented to giue way to the printing of theſe Eglogues, *which though it to many ſeeme a ſleight matter, yet being well conſidered of, may proue a ſtrong argument of my readineſſe to giue you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preſerued with leſſe reſpect, gaue ſufficient euidence that I meant (rather then any way to deceiue your truſt) to giue the world occaſion of calling my diſcretion in queſtion, as I now aſſure my ſelfe I his will: and the ſooner, becauſe ſuch expectations (I perceiue) there are (of I know not what* Inuentions) *as would haue been fruſtratated, though I had employed the*

vtmoſt

To the Reader.

vtmoſt and very beſt of my endeuours.

Notwithſtanding, for your ſakes, I haue here aduentured once againe to make tryall of the worlds cenſures: and what both receiued being, from your Loues, I heere, rededicated to your Worths, which if your noble diſpoſitions will like well of: Or if you will but reaſonably reſpect what your ſelues drew mee vnto, I ſhall be nothing diſpleaſed at others cauils, but reſting my ſelfe contented with your good opinions, ſcorne all the rabble of vncharitable detractors: For none I know, will maligne it, except thoſe, who either particularly malice my perſon, or profeſſe themſelues enemies to my former Bookes; who (ſauing thoſe that were incenſed on others ſpeaches) as diuers of you (according

To the Reader.

cording to your proteſtations) haue obſerued, are either open enemies of our Church; men notoriouſly guiley of ſome particular Abuſes therein taxt, ſuch malicious Critickes *who haue the repute of being iudicious, by detracting from others; or at beſt ſuch Guls, as neuer approue any thing good, or learned, but either that which their ſhallow apprehenſions can apply to the ſoothing of their owne opinions, or what (indeed rather) they vnderſtand not.*

Truſt me, how ill ſoeuer it hath been rewarded, my loue to my Country is inuiolate: my thankefulneſſe to you vnfayned, my endeuour to doe euerie man good; all my ayme content with honeſtie: and this my paines (if it may be ſo tearmed) more

to

To the Reader.

to auoyde idleneſſe, then for affectation of prayſe: and if notwithſtanding all this, I muſt yet, not onely reſt my ſelfe content that my innocencie hath eſcaped with ſtrict impriſonment (to the impayring of my ſtate, and hinderance of my fortunes) but alſo be conſtrained to ſee my guiltleſſe lines, ſuffer the deſpight of ill tongues: yet for my further encouragement, let me intreate the continuance of your firſt reſpect, wherein I ſhall finde that comfort as will be ſufficient to make mee ſet light, and ſo much contemne all the malice of my aduerſaries, that ready to burſt with the venome of their owne hearts, they ſhall ſee

My Minde enamoured on faire *Vertue*: light,
Aſcends the limits of their bleared ſight,

And

To the Reader.

And plac'd aboue their *Enuy*, doth contemne,
Nay, ſit and laugh at their diſdaine and them.

But Noble Friends, *I make queſtion neyther of yours, nor any honeſt mans reſpect, and therefore will no further vrge it, nor trouble your patience: onely this Ile ſay, that you may not thinke me too well conceited of my ſelfe: though the* Time *were to blame in ill requiting my honeſt endeauours, which in the eyes of the world deſerued better, yet ſomewhat I am aſſured there was in mee worthy that puniſhment, which when God ſhal giue mee grace to ſee and amend, I doubt not but to finde that regard as will be fitting for ſo much merit as my labours may iuſtly challenge. Meane*

while,

To the Reader.

while, the better to hold my ſelfe in eſteeme with you, and amende the worlds opinion of Vertue, *I will ſtudy to amende my ſelfe, that I may be yet more worthy to be called*

Your Friend,

GEO. WYTHER.

The firſt Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

WILLY *leaues his Flocke a while,*
Viſits ROGET *in exile;*
Where though priſon'd he doth finde
Hee's ſtill free that's free in Minde:
And in trouble no defence
Is ſo firme as Innocence.

ROGET. WILLY.

Willy, thou now full *iolly* tun'ſt thy *Reedes*,
Making the *Nimphs* enamor'd on thy ſtraines,
And whilſt thy harmeleſſe Flocke vnſcared feeds
Haſt thy contentment, of Hils, Groues, & Plaines:
Truſt me I *ioy* thou and thy *Muſe* ſo ſpeedes
In ſuch an Age, where ſo much miſchiefe raignes:
And to my *Care* it ſome redreſſe will be,
Fortune hath ſo much *grace* to ſmile on thee,

WILLY.

To ſmile on me? I nere yet knew her ſmile,
Vnleſſe 'twere when ſhe purpos'd to deceiue me;
Many a *Trayne*, and many a *painted Wile*
She caſtes, in hope of *Freedome* to bereaue me:
Yet now, becauſe ſhe ſees I ſcorne her guile (me,
To fawne on fooles, ſhe for my *Muſe* doth leaue
And here of late, her wonted *Spite* doth tend,
To worke me *Care*, by frowning on my *friend*.

ROGET.

Why then I ſee her *Copper-coyne*'s no ſtarling,
'Twill not be *currant* ſtill, for all the *guilding*;
A *Knaue*, or *Foole*, muſt euer be her *Darling*,
For they haue mindes to all occaſions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling.
It ſeemes an *Apple*, but it proues a *Weilding*:
But let that paſſe; ſweet *Shepheard* tell me this,
For what beloued *Friend* thy ſorrow is;

Wrong

WILLY.

Wrong me not *Roget*: do'ſt thou ſuffer heere,
And aske me for what *Friend* it is I grieue?
Can I ſuppoſe thy loue to me is deere,
Or this thy *ioy* for my *content* beliefe: (neere,
When thou think'ſt thy *cares* touch not mee as
Or that I pinne thy *Sorrowes* at my ſleeue?
Roget, my fayth in thee hath had ſuch truſt,
I neuer thought to finde thee ſo vniuſt.

ROGET.

Why *Willy? Willy*: Prethee do not aske me why,
Doth it diminiſh any of thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melody*,
And think'ſt I cannot as well ſomewhat ſpare
From my *delight*, to mone thy *miſerie?*
Tis time our *Louers* ſhould theſe ſuſpects forbeare:
Thou art that fried, which thou vnnam'd ſhold'ſt
and not haue drawn my loue in queſtiō ſo (know

ROGET.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy miſtake,
And ſo ſhall this thy *gentle-anger* ceaſe,
(I neuer of thy loue will queſtion make)
Whilſt that the number of our dayes encreaſe,
Yet to my ſelfe I much might ſeeme to take,
And ſomething neere vnto preſumtion preaſe:
To thinke me worthy *loue* from ſuch a *ſpirit*,
But that I know thy kindneſſe paſt my merit.

Beſides; me thought thou ſpak'ſt now of a friend,
That ſeem'd more grieuous diſcontents to beare,
Some things I finde that doe in ſhew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,
And they e're long I hope will haue an end,
Or though they haue not, much I doe not care:
So this it was made me that queſtion moue,
And not ſuſpect of honeſt *Willies* loue.

Alas,

WILLY.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Deſarts* here confin'd,
Haſt nothing to conuerſe with but a *Rocke*,
Or at leaſt *Out-lawes* in their *Caues* halfe pin'd,
And do'ſt thou at thy owne misfortune mocke,
Making thy ſelfe to; to thy ſelfe vnkinde?
When heretofore we talk't we did embrace:
But now I ſcarce can come to ſee thy face.

ROGET.

Yet all that, *Willy*, is not worth thy ſorrow,
For I haue *Mirth*, here thou would'ſt not beleeue,
From deepeſt *cares* the higheſt *ioyes* I borrow:
If ought chance out this day, may make me grieue
I'le learne to mend, or ſcorne it by to morrow,
This barren place yeels ſomewhat to relieue:
For I haue found ſufficient to content me,
And more true bliſſe then euer freedom lent me.

WILLY.

Are *Priſons* then growne places of delight?

ROGET.

Tis as the *conſcience* of the *Priſoner* is,
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guiltie Man, that knows his deedes amiſſe,
All outward *Pleaſures* are exiled quite,
And it is nothing (of it ſelfe) but this:
Abhorred loaneneſſe, darkeneſſe, ſadneſſe, paines,
Num'n-cold ſharp-hunger ſcorching thirſt & chaince.

WILLY.

And theſe are nothing?

ROGET.

——————Nothing yet to mee,
Onely my friends reſtraint is all my *paine*.
And ſince I truely finde my *conſcience* free
From that my *loaneneſſe* to, I reape ſome gaine.

But

WILLY.

But grant in this no diſcontentment be,
It doth thy wiſhed libertie reſtraine,
And to thy *ſoule* I thinke ther's nothing nearer,
For I could neuer heare thee prize ought dearer.

ROGET.

True, I did euer ſet it at a Rate,
Too deare for any *Mortal's* worth to buy,
Tis not our greateſt *Sheapheard's* whole eſtate,
Shall purchaſe from me, my leaſt *libertie:*
But I am ſubiect to the powers of *Fate*,
And to obey them is no *ſlaueric*: (all,
They may do much, but when they haue done
Onely my *body* they may bring in *thrall.*

And 'tis not that (my *Willy*) 'tis my *minde*,
My *mind's* more pretious freedome I ſo weigh
A thouſand wayes they may my *body* binde,

In thouſand *thralls*, but ne're my minde betray,
And thence it is that I *contentment* finde,
And beare with *Patience* this my loade away :
I'me ſtill my ſelfe, and that Ide rather bee,
Then to be *Lord* of all *theſe Downes* in fee.

WILLY.

Nobly reſolu'd, and I doe ioy to hear't,
For 'tis the *minde* of *Man* indeed that's all,(bear't
There's nought ſo hard but a *braue* heart will
And *guiltleſſe men* count great *afflictions* ſmall,
Ther'le looke on *Death* & *Torment*, yet not fear't,
Becauſe they know *'tis riſing ſo to fall* :
Tyrants may boaſt they to much *power* are born,
Yet he hath more that *Tyranies* can ſcorne.

ROGET.

Tis right, but I no *Tyranies* endure,
Nor haue I ſuffered ought worth name of care.
What

WILLY.

What e're thou'lt call't, thou may'ſt, but I am ſure,
Many more pine that much leſſe payned are,
Thy look me thinks doth ſay thy meaning's pure
And by this paſt I finde what thou do'ſt dare:
But I could neuer yet the *reaſon* know,
Why thou art lodged in this houſe of wo.

ROGET.

Nor I by *Pan*, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleaſes ſome; and I doe geſſe
Partly a *cauſe* that mooues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaile me to expreſſe,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it goe,
We muſt not ſay, they doe ſo that oppreſſe:
Yet I ſhall ne're to ſooth *them* or *the times*,
Iniure my ſelfe by bearing others *crimes*.

WILLY.

Then now thou may'ſt ſpeake freely, (heares,
ther's none
But he, whom I doe hope thou do'ſt not doubt.
True;

ROGET.

True; but if *doores* and *walles* haue gotten *eares*,
And *Cloſet-whiſperings* may be ſpread about:
Doe not blame him that in ſuch *cauſes* feares
What in his *Paſſion* he my blunder out:
In ſuch a *place*, and ſuch ſtrict *times* as theſe,
Where what we ſpeake is tooke as *others* pleaſe.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
I'le tell thee all my ſtory to the end,
Tis long, and now I feare thou canſt not ſtay,
Becauſe thy Flocke muſt watred be and pend,
And *Night* begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I ſpend,
I'le onely ſing a ſorrie *Priſoners Lay*, (fieldes,
I fram'd this *Morne*, which though it ſuits not
Is ſuch as fits me, and ſad *Thraledome* yeelds,

WILLY.

Well I will ſet my *Kit* another ſtring,
And play vnto it whil'ſt that thou do'ſt ſing.

SONNET.

SONNET.

ROGET.

NOw that my body dead-aliue,
Bereau'd of comfort lies in thrall.
Doe thou my ſoule begin to thriue,
And vnto Honie, turne this Gall:
So ſhal we both through outward wo
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that Foode my Fleſh I giue,
Doth keepe in me this Mortall breath:
So Soules on Meditations liue,
And ſhunne thereby immortall death:
Nor art thou euer neerer reſt.
Then when thou find'ſt me moſt oppreſt.

Firſt thinke my ſoule; if I haue Foes
Take a pleaſure in my care,

And

And to procure these outward woes,
Haue thus entrapt me vnaware:
Thou should'st by much more carefull bee,
Since greater foes lay waite for thee.

Then when Mew'd vp in grates of steele,
Minding those ioyes mine eyes doe misse,
Thou find'st no torment thou do'st feele,
So grieuous as Priuation is:
Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seest there's giuen so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which if in any thou espie
Thus thinke, if Mortal's frownes strike feare,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath appeare?

By my late hopes that now are croſt,
Conſider thoſe that firmer bee,
And make the freedome I haue loſt,
A meanes that may remember thee:
Had Chriſt not thy Redeemer bin,
What horrid thall thou hadſt beene in.

Theſe iron chaines the bolt's of ſteele,
Which other poore offenders grieude,
The wants and cares which they doe feele,
May bring ſome greater thing to minde:
For by their griefe thou ſhalt doe well,
To thinke vpon the paines of Hell.

Or when through mee thou ſeeſt a Man
Condemn'd vnto a mortall death,
How ſad he lookes, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath:
Thinke if in that ſuch griefe thou ſee,
How ſad will, Goe yee curſed bee.

Againe

Againe, when he that fear'd to Dye
(Past hope) doth see his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuay it to thy thought:
There thinke betwixt my heart and thee.
How sweet will, Come ye blessed, *bee.*

Thus if thou doe, though closed here,
My bondage I shall deeme the lesse,
I neither shall haue cause to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my sad distresse:
For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We shall haue blisse eternally.

WILLY.

Trust me I see the *Cage* doth some *Birds* good,
And if they doe not suffer too much wrong,
Will teach them sweeter descants then the wood:
Beleeue't, I like the subiect of thy *Song,*

It

It ſhewes thou art in no diſtempred mood,
But cauſe to heare the reſidue I long
My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And ſpend the day to heare thee talk and ſing.

Yet e're vve part, *Roget* to me areed, (theſe,
Of vvhom thou learnd'ſt to make ſuch Songs as
I neuer yet heard any Shepheards reede
Tune in miſhap, a ſtraine that more could pleaſe,
Surely thou do'ſt inuoke at this thy need
Some power, that we negle&t in other layes:
For heer's a Name, & words, that but few ſwains
Haue mention'd at their meeting on the Plaines.

ROGET.

Indeede 'tis true; and they are ſore to blame,
They doe ſo much negle&t it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth ſuch a worthy fame,
As is not ſubie&t vnto Enuies wrongs:

That

That is the moſt to be reſpected name
Of our true *Pan*, whoſe worth ſits on all tongues:
And the moſt ancient Shepheards vſe to prayſe
In ſacred *Anthemes* ſung on Holy-dayes.

Hee that firſt taught his Muſicke ſuch a ſtraine,
Was that ſweete Shepheard, who (vntill a King)
Kept Sheepe vpon the hony milkie Plaine,
That is inrich't by *Iordans* watering;
Hee in his troubles eas'd the bodyes paines,
By meaſures rais'd to the ſoules rauiſhing:
And his ſweete numbers onely moſt diuine,
Gaue the firſt being to this Song of mine.

WILLY.

Let his good ſpirit euer with thee dwell,
That I might heare ſuch Muſicke euery day,

Thanks;

ROGET.

Thankes; but would now it pleaſed thee to play
Yet ſure 'tis late, thy *Weather* rings his Bell,
And *Swaines* to fold, or homeward drive away.

WILLY.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well:
I'le make his Sheepe for me a little ſtay,
And if thou thinke it fit I'le bring him to,
Next morning hither.

ROGET. Prethee *Willy* doo.

FINIS.

The ſecond Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

CVDDY *telles how all the Swaines,*
Pittie ROGET *on the Plaines:*
Who requeſted, doth relate
The true cauſe of his eſtate;
Which broke off, becauſe 'twas long,
They begin a three-mans Song.

WILLY. CVDDY. ROGET.

ROget, thy old friend *Cuddy* here, and I,
Are come to viſit thee in theſe thy Bands,
Whil'ſt both our Flockes in an *Incloſure* by,
Do picke the thin graſſe from the fallowed lands.
He tells me thy reſtraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the Country vnderſtands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd *Lad*,
On all theſe *Downes*, but for thy ſake is ſad.

Not

CVDDY.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone,
Pitty thy cloſe reſtraint, as friends ſhould doe:
But ſome that haue but ſeene thee, for thee moane:
Yea, many that did neuer ſee thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and moſt in noone;
So diuers wayes doe diuers *Rumours* goe:
And at all meetings where our *Shepheards* bee,
Now the maine Newes that's extant, is of thee.

ROGET.

Why, this is ſomewhat yet: had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My *name* ſhould in obſcuritie haue ſlept,
In *Brakes*, in *Briars*, *ſhrubbed Furze* and *Broome*.
Into the Worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in ſo many mens thoughts found a roome:
But what cauſe of my ſufferings do they know?
Good *Cuddy* tell me how doth *rumour* goe?

CVDDY.

Fayth 'tis vncertaine, ſome ſpeake this, ſome that:
Some dare ſay nought, yet ſeeme to thinke a cauſe
And many a one prating he kowes not what;
Comes out with *Prouerbes* and *old auncient ſawes*,
As if hee thought thee guiltleſſe, and yet not:
Then doth he ſpeake halfe *Sentences*, then pawſe:
That what the moſt would ſay, we may ſuppoſe
But what to ſay, the *Rumour* is, none knowes.

ROGET.

Nor care I greatly, for it skills not much,
What the vnſteady common-people deemes,
His *Conſcience* doth not alwayes feele leaſt touch,
That blameleſſe in the ſight of others ſeemes:
My cauſe is honeſt, and becauſe 'tis ſuch,
I hold it ſo, and not for mens eſteemes:
If they ſpeake iuſtly well of mee, I'me glad;
If falſely euill, it ne're makes me ſad.

I like

WILLY.

I like that minde; but *Roget* you are quite
Beſide the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yeſter-night,
Youl'd put vs off with other talke, I feare;
Thou know'ſt that honeſt *Cuddies* heart's vpright
And none but he, except my ſelfe, is neere:
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occaſion of thy preſent ſtate.

ROGET.

My Friends I will; You know I am a *Swaine*,
That keepe a poore Flocke here vpon this *Plaine:*
Who though it ſeemes, I could doe nothing leſſe,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepeardeſſe*,
And not alone the fayreſt where I liue,
Haue heard me ſing, and fauours daign'd to giue:
But though I fay't, the *nobleſt Nimph* of *Thame*,
Hath grac'd my *Verſe* vnto my greater fame.

Yet being young, and not much ſeeking prayſe,
I was not noted out for *Shepheards layes*:
Nor feeding Flockes, as you know others be:
For the delight that moſt poſſeſſed me
Was hunting *Foxes*, *Wolues*, and *Beaſtes* of *Pray*:
That ſpoile our *Foulds*, & beare our *Lambs* away.
For this, as alſo for the loue I beare
Vnto my *Country*, I lay'd by all *care*
Of *gaine*, or of *preferment*, with *deſire*
Onely to keepe that ſtate I had entire,
And lik a true growne *Hunts-man* ſought to ſpeed
My ſelfe with *Hounds* of rare and choyſeſt breed,
Whoſe *Names* and *Natures* ere I further goe,
Becauſe you are my friends I'le let you know.
My firſt eſteemed Dogge that I did find,
Was by *deſcent* of old *Aileens* kind;
A *Bracke*, which if I doe not ayme amiſſe,
For all the world is iuſt like one of his:
She's named *Loue*, & ſcarce yet knowes her duty;
Her Damme's my Ladies pretty *Beagle Beauty*.

I bred

I bred her vp my ſelfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill ſhe grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt ſo wanton, that I did abhorre it,
Aud put her out amongſt my neighbours for it.
The next is *Luſt*, a Hound thats kept abroad
Mongſt ſome of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathſome: 'tis a Curre will range
Extreamely, and is euer full of mange,
And cauſe it is infectious, ſhe's not wunt
To come among the reſt, but when they hunt.
Hate is the third, a Hound both deepe and long.
His *Sire* is *True*, or elſe ſuppoſed *Wrong*.
He'le haue a ſnap at all that paſſe him by,
And yet purſues his game moſt eagerly.
With him goes *Enuie* coupled, a leane Curre,
And ſhe'le hold out hunt we ne're ſo farre,
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet ſtands and ſnarleth at the reſt that doe.
Then there's *Reuenge*, a wondrous deepe-mouth'd
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog, (dog,

Yet many times he'le much out-ſtrip his bounds,
And hunts not cloſely with the other Hounds:
He'le venter on a *Lion* in his *ire*;
Curſt *Choller* was his Damme, and *Wrong* his *Sire*,
This *Choller* is a *Brache*, that's very old,
And ſpends her mouth too much to haue it hold:
She's very teaſty, an vnpleaſing Curre,
That bites the very Stones, if they but ſturre:
Or when that ought but her diſpleaſure moues,
She'le bite and ſnap at any one ſhe loues:
But my quicke ſcented'ſt Dogge is *Ielouſie*,
The trueſt of this breede's in *Italie*:
The Damme of mine, would hardly fill a Gloue,
It was a *Ladies* little Dogge, call'd *Loue*:
The *Sire* a poore deformed Curre, nam'd *Feare*;
As ſhagged and as rough as is a *Beare*:
And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kind,
For he is very large, and ne're-hand blind.
At the firſt ſight, he hath a pretty culler,
But doth not ſeeme ſo, when you view him fuller.

A vile ſuſpitious Beaſt, his lookes are bad,
And I doe feare in time, he will grow mad.
To him I couple *Auarice*, ſtill poore;
Yet ſhee deuoures as much as twenty more:
A thouſand Horſe ſhe in her paunch can put,
Yet whine, as if ſhe had an emptie gut:
And hauing gorg'd what might a land haue foūd
She'le catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full;
But hee, for all the daintieſt bits doth cull:
Hee ſcorns to licke vp Crums beneath the Table,
He'le fetch't from boards & ſhelues, if he be able:
Nay, he can climbe if need be; and for that,
With him I hunt the *Martine* and the *Cat*:
And yet ſometimes in mounting, he's ſo quicke,
He fetches falles, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is wel-mouth'd, but ſubiect to *Diſtruſt*;
A Stranger cannot make him take a Cruſt:
A little thing will ſoone his courage quaile,
And 'twixt his legges, he euer claps his Taile,

With

With him *Deſpaire* now often coupled goes,
which by his roring mouth each *hunts-man* knows.
None hath a better minde vnto the game,
But he giues off, and alwayes ſeemeth lame.
My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as ſwift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and neuer comes behinde;
Who but ſhe's ſtrapt, and muſled to withall,
Would eate her fellowes, and the pray and all,
And yet ſhe cares not much for any food,
Vnleſſe it be the pureſt harmeleſſe blood.
All theſe are kept abraod at charge of menny,
They doe not coſt me in a yeare a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling ſize,
That ſeldome paſſe the ſight of my owne eyes.
Hope, on whoſe head I'ue led my life to pawne.
Compaſſion, that on euery one will fawne.
This would when 'twas a welpe, with *Rabets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them goe vnhurt away:
Nay, now ſhe is of grouth, ſhe'le now and then,
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her goe agen.

The

The two laſt, *Ioy*, and *Sorrow*; *'tis a wonder*,
Can ne're agree, nor ne're bide farre a ſunder.
Ioy's euer wanton, and no order knowes,
Shel'e run at *Larkes*, or ſtand and barke at *Crowes*.
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye;
Yet both doe ſeruc to helpe make vp the cry.
Then comes behinde all theſe to beare the baſe,
Two couple more of a far larger Race, (good
Such wide-mouth'd *Trollops* that 'twould do you
To heare their loud loud *Ecchoes* teare the Wood.
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy Hide,
May far away from all the reſt be ſpide, (there;
Though huge, yet quick, for ſhe's now here, now
Nay, looke about you, and ſhe's euery where:
Yet euer with the reſt, and ſtill in chaſe.
Right ſo, *Inconſtancie* filles euery place;
And yet ſo ſtrange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Looke for her, and ſhe's no where to be found.
Weakneſſe is no faire Dogge vnto the eye,
And yet ſhe hath her proper qualitie:

But

But there's *Preſumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drownes the *Thunder*, and the *Canon-ſhot:*
And when at Start, he e his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen ſhakes.
Theſe were my Dogges, ten couple iuſt in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I doe call:
Mad Curs they be, & I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and ſpent dayes not a few,
To make them keepe togeather, and hunt true:
Which yet I doe ſuppoſe had neuer bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keepe them in.
Now when that I this Kennell firſt had got,
Out of my owne Demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on theſe Downes, or among yonder *Rockes*,
After thoſe Beaſts that ſpoyl'd our pariſh Flocks
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my Kennell, in one day to hunt:
Nor had done yet, but that this other yeere,
Some Beaſts of *Pray*, that haunts the *Deſarts* heere,

Did

Did not alone for many *Nights* togeather
Deuoure, ſometime a *Lambe*, ſometime a *Weather*:
And ſo diſquiet many a poore mans Heard,
But that of looſing all, they were afeard:
Yea, I among the reſt, did fare as bad,
Or rather worſe, for the beſt * *Ewes* I had, *Hope.
(Whoſe breed ſhould be my means of life & gaine
Were in one Euening by theſe *Monſters* ſlaine:
Which Miſchiefe I reſolued to repay,
Or elſe grow deſp'rate, and hunt all away,
For in a fury (ſuch as you ſhall ſee
Hunts-men in miſsing of their ſport will bee)
I vow'd a *Monſter* ſhould not lurke about,
In all this *Prouince*, but I'de finde him out,
And there-vpon without reſpect or *care*,
How *lame*, how *full*, or how *vnfit* they were.
In haſt vnkennell'd all my roaring crew,
Who were as mad as if my minde they knew,
And e're they trail'd a flight-ſhot, the fierce Curs
Had rous'd a *Hart*, and through *Brakes* & *Furres*,

Follow'd

Follow'd at gaze ſo cloſe, that *Loue* and *Feare*
Got in togeather, ſo had ſurely there
Quite ouerthrowne him, but that *Hope* thruſt in
'Twixt both, and ſau'd the pinching of his skin,
Whereby he ſcap't, till courſing ouerthwart,
Deſpaire came in, and grip't him to the hart:
I hallowed in the reſdue to the fall,
And for an entrance, there I fleſh't them all:
Which hauing done, I dip'd my ſtaffe in blood,
And onward led my *Thunder* to the Wood;
Where what they did, I'le tell you out anon,
My Keeper calles me, and I muſt be gon.
Goe if you pleaſe a while, attend your Flocks,
And when the *Sunne* is ouer yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Caue* againe, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian* ſo much fauour me.
Yet if you pleaſe, let vs three ſing a ſtraine,
Before you turne your Sheepe into the Plaine.

I am

WILLY.

I am content.

CVDDY. As well content am I.

ROGET.

Then *Will*, Begin, and we'le the reſt ſupply.

SONG.

WILLY.

SHepheard, would theſe Gates were ope,
Thou might'ſt take with us thy fortune-

ROGET.

No, I'le make this narrow ſcope,
Since my Fate doth ſo importune
Meanes unto a wider Hope.

CVDDY:

CVDDY.

Would thy Shepeardeſſe were heere,
Who beloue'd, loues thee ſo dearely?

ROGET.

Not for both your Flockes, I ſweare,
And the gaine they yeeld you yearely,
Would I ſo much wrong my Deare.

Yet to mee, nor to this Place,
Would ſhe now be long a ſtranger;
She would hold it in no diſgrace,
(If ſhe fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to ſhew her face.

WILLY.

Shepheard, we would wiſh no harmes,
But ſomething that might content thee.

ROGET.

Wiſh mee then within her armes,
And that wiſh will ne're repent me,
If your wiſhes might proue charmes.

WILLY.

Be thy Priſon her embrace,
Be thy ayre her ſweeteſt breathing,

CVDDY.

Be thy proſpect her fayre Face,
For each looke a kiſſe bequeathing,
And appoint thy ſelfe the place.

ROGET.

Nay pray, hold there, for I ſhould ſcantly then;
Come meete you heere this afternoone agen:
But fare you well, ſince wiſhes haue no power,
Let vs depart, and keepe the poynted houre.

FINIS.

The third Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

ROGET *set with his three Friends,*
Heere his hunting ſtory ends;
Kind Alexis *with much ruth,*
Wayles the baniſh'd Shepheards youth:
But he ſlighteth Fortunes ſtings,
And in ſpight of Thraldome ſings.

ROGET. CVDDY. ALEXIS. WILLY.

SO now I ſee y'are *Shepheards* of your word,
Thus were you wont to promiſe, and to do.

CVDDY.

More then our promiſe is, we can afford,
We come our ſelues, and bring another to:
Alexis whom thou know'ſt well is no foe,
Who loues thee much; and I doe know that he
Would faine a hearer of thy Hunting bee.

ROGET.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am,
You euer were a friend of mine in ſhow:
And I haue found you are indeed the ſame,
Vpon my firſt reſtraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my ſmal deſerts ſhould proue.

ALEXIS.

T'is ſtill your vſe to vnderpriſe your merit,
Be not ſo coy to take my proffered loue;
T'will neither vnbeſeeme your *worth* nor *ſpirit*.
To offer curt'ſie doth thy friend behoue:
And which are ſo, this is a place to proue.
Then once againe I ſay, if *cauſe* there be,
Firſt make a *tryall*, if thou pleaſe, of me.

ROGET.

ROGET.

Thankes good *Alexis*; ſit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, theſe *Shepheards* know, to doe;
A *Tale* already told this Morne well neere.
With which I very fayne would forward go,
And am as willing thou ſhouldſt heare it to:
But thou canſt neuer vnderſtand this laſt,
Till I haue alſo tolde thee what is paſt.

WILLY.

Roget it ſhall not need, for I preſum'd,
Your loues to each were firme, and was ſo bold,
That ſo much on my ſelfe I haue aſſum'd,
To make him know what is already told:
If I haue done amiſſe then you may ſcolde.
But in my telling I preuiſed this,
He knowes not whoſe, nor to what end it is:

ROGET.

Well now he may, for heere my Tale goes on,
My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon,
Where beating through the *Couerts*, euery Hound
A seuerall *Game* had in a moment found:
I rated them but they pursu'd their pray,
And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow.
And teaz'd them on with a more cheareful hallow
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtile game through all these wiles.
These doubl'd, they redoubled on the scent,
Still keeping in full chase where ere they went:
Vp *Hils*, down *Cliffes*, through *Bogs*, & ouer *Plaines*
Stretching their *Musicke* to the highest straines,
That when some Thicket hid them frō mine eye,
My eare was ravish'd with their melody.
Nor crost we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes,
But Hamlets, Tithings, Parishes, and Borrowes:
They followed where so eu'r the game did goe,
Through Kitchin, Parler, Hall, and Chamber too

And

And as they paſſ'd the *City* and the *Court*,
My *Prince* look'd out, & daign'd to vew my ſport
Which then (although I ſuffer for it now)
(If ſome ſay true) hee liking did allow;
And ſo much (had I had but wit to ſtay)
I might my ſelfe (perhaps) haue heard him ſay,
But I that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleaſure then my ſafetie caring;
Seeing freſh game from euery loope-hole riſe,
Croſſing by thouſands ſtill before their eyes.
After I ruſh'd, and following cloſe my *Hounds*,
Some beaſts I found lye dead, ſome ful of wounds
Among the willows, ſcarce with ſtrēgth to moue
One I found here, another there, whom *Loue*
Had grip'd to death: and in the ſelfe-ſame ſtate,
Lay one deuour'd by *Enuy*, one by *Hate*,
Luſt had bit ſome, but I ſoone paſt beſide them,
Their feſtr'd wounds ſo ſtunck, none could abide
Choller hurt diuers, but *Reuenge* kilde more,
Feare frighted all, behind him and before?

Deſpaire droue on a huge and mightie heape,
Forcing ſome downe from *Rocks* and *Hils* to leap:
Some into water, ſome into the fire,
So on themſelues he made them wreake his *ire*:
But I remember as I paſs'd that way,
Where the great *King* & *Prince* of *Shepheards lay*,
About the wals were hid ſome once more known
That my ſell Curre *Ambition* had o'thrown.
Many I heard purſu'd by *Pitty* cry,
And oft I ſaw my *Blond-Hound Crueltie*,
Eating her paſſage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, ſhee is loath to part.
All pli'd it well, and made ſo loude a *plea*,
T'was heard through *Britan*, and beyond the *Sea*;
Some rated thē, ſome ſtorm'd ſome lik't the *game*,
Some thought *me worthy praiſe*, ſome *worthy blame*.
But I not fearing th'one, miſteeming t'other,
Both, in ſhril hallows & loud yernings ſmoother:
Yea, the ſtrong mettled and my long-breath'd crew,
Seeing the *game* increaſing in their view, Grew

Grew the more frolicke, and the courſes length
Gaue better breath, and added to their ſtrength;
Which *Ioue* perceiuing, for *Ioue* heard their cryes
Rumbling amongſt the *Spheares concauities*:
He mark'd their *courſe* and *courages* encreaſe,
Saying, t'were pitty ſuch a chaſe ſhould ceaſe;
And therewith ſwore their mouths ſhould neuer (waſt
But hunt as long's mortalitie did laſt.
Soone did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to finde their pace more ſwift:
I follow'd, and I rated but in vaine,
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe;
They neuer ſtay'd ſince, neither nights or dayes,
But too and fro ſtill runne a thouſand wayes:
Yea often to this place where now I lye,
They'l wheel about to cheere me with their cry;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On ſome offenders, for their Maſters ſake:
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this ſort
For them I loſe, and making my ſelfe ſport.

WILLY.

WILLY.

Why *Roget*, was there any harme in this?

ROGET.

No *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

WILLY.

How comes this then?

ROGET. Note and Il'e tell thee how.
Thou know'ſt that *Trueth* and *Innocencie* now,
If plac'd with meaneſſe, ſuffers more deſpight
Then *Villainies*, accompan'ed with me:
But thus it fell, while that my *Hound* purſu'd
Their noyſome pray, and euery field lay ſtrew'd
With *Monſters*, hurt & ſlain mong'ſt many a beaſt
Some viler, and more ſubtile then the reſt,
On whom the Bitch cal'd *Enuy*, hap't to light:
And as her wont is, did ſo ſurely bite,
That thogh ſhe left behind ſmall outward ſmarts
The wounds vvere deepe, and vvrankled to their harts,
Then ioyning to ſome other that of late,
Were very eagerly purſu'd by *Hate*,

To

To fit their purpoſe hauing taken leaſure,
Did thus conſpire to worke me a diſpleaſure.
For imitation farre ſurpaſſing *Apes*,
They layd aſide their *Foxe*, and *Woluiſh ſhapes*,
And ſhrowded in the skinnes of harmleſſe ſheepe
Into by-waies, and open pathes did creepe,
Where they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery paſſer by;
To make thē think that they were ſheep ſo foil'd
And by my dogges in their late hunting ſpoyl'd.
Beſide ſome other that enuy'd my game,
And for their paſtime kept ſuch *Monſters* tame:
As you doe know there's many for their pleaſure
Keepe Foxes, Beares, and Wolues, as ſome great (treaſure:
Yea, many get their liuing by them to,
And ſo did ſtore of theſe, I ſpeake of do,
Who ſeeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt ſome *Vermine* wherein they delighted,
And finding their own power by much to weake
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,

Swolne

Swolne with the deepeſt rancour of deſpight,
Some of our greateſt *Shepheards* folds by night
They cloſely entred; and there hauing ſlain'd,
Their hands in *villany*, of me they plain'd,
Affirming, without *ſhame* or *Honeſty*,
I and my Dogges had done it purpoſely:
Whereat they ſtorm'd and call'd me to a *tryall*,
Where *Innocence* preuails not, nor *denyall*:
But for that *cauſe* heere in this place I ly,
Where none ſo merry as my dogges and I.

CUDDY.

Beleeue it hee'rs a *Tale* will ſuten well,
Fe- *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

WILLY.

And *Roget* ſhall be thought on with pelight,
For this hereafter many a *Winters night*,

For

For of this ſport another *Age* will ring:
Yea, *Nymphes* vnborne now of the ſame ſhal ſing,
When not a *Beauty* on our Greenes ſhall play
That hath not heard of *Rogets* hunting day.

ROGET.

It may be ſo, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tauy*, on the *Weſterne plaine*,
Would make the *Song*, ſuch life his *Verſe* can giue,
Then I doe know my *Name* might euer liue.

ALEXIS.

But tell me; are our *Playnes* and *Nimphes* forgot,
And canſt thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

ROGET.

Can I *Alexis* ſayſt thou? Can I not
That am reſolu'd to ſcorne more miſery;

ALEXIS.

ALEXIS.

Oh, but thy youth's yet greene, and yong blood
And *libertie* muſt needs bee ſweet to thee, (hot,
But now moſt ſweet whil'ſt euery buſhy *Vale*,
And *Grone* and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*.

Me thinks when thou remembreſt thoſe *ſweet lais*
Which thou wol'ſt lead thy *Shepheardeſſe* to heare
Each Euening foorth among the *Leauy ſpraies*,
The thoght of that ſhold make thy freedom deare;
For now whil'ſt euery *Nymph* on *Holydayes*
Sports with ſome *iolly Lad*, and maketh cheere,
Thine ſighes for thee, & mew'd vp from reſort
Will neither play her ſelfe, nor ſee their ſport.
(wont,
There's *Shepheards* that were many a Morning
Vnto their Boyes to leaue the tender *Heard*.
And beare thee company when thou didſt hunt,
Cannot their ſongs thou haſt ſo gladly heard,
Nor

Nor thy *miſt pleaſure* make thee thinke vpon't
But ſeems all vaine, now that was once indeard.
It cannot be, for I could make relation, (*paſſion.*
How for leſſe *cauſe* thou haſt beene deepe in

ROGET.

Tis true: my tender heart was euer yet,
Too capable of ſuch conceits as theſe;
I neuer ſaw that *Obiect* but from it,
The *Paſſions* of my *Loue* I could encreaſe
Thoſe things which moue not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vſe of, if I pleaſe:
When I am ſad, to ſadneſſe I apply,
Each *Bird*, and *Tree*, and *Flower* that I paſſe by.

So when I will be merry, I aſwell
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,
From *Miſery*, from *Priſons*, nay from *Hell*:
And as when to my *minde*, *griefe* giues a flaw,

Beſt

Beſt comforts doe but make my woes more fell,
So when I'me bent to *Mirth*, from miſchiefes paw
(Though ceas'd vpō me) I would ſomthing cull
That ſpight of *care*, ſhould make my *ioyes* more (full.

I feele thoſe wants *Alexis* thou doeſt name,
Which ſpight of youth's affections I ſuſtaine;
Or elſe for what is't I haue gotten *Fame*,
And am more known then many an *elder Swaine*?
If ſuch deſires I had not learn'd to tame,
Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine*:
But tune your *Reedes*, and I will in a *Song*
Expreſſe my *Care*, and how I take this *Wrong*.

SONNET.

SONNET.

[*That ere'ſt-while the worlds ſweet Ayre did draw,*
(Grac'd by the fayreſt euer Mortall ſaw;)
Now cloſely pent, with walls of Ruth-leſſe ſtone,
Conſume my Dayes, and Nights, and all alone.

When I was wont to ſing of Shepheards loues,
My walkes were Fields, & Downes, & Hills, & Groues:
But now (alas) ſo ſtrict is my hard doome,
Fields, Downes, Hils, Groues, & al's but one poore roome.

Each Morne as ſoone as Day-light did appeare,
With Natures Muſicke Birdes would charme mine eare;
Which now (inſtead) of their melodious ſtraines,
Heare ratling Shackles, Gyues, and Boults, & Chaines.

But though that all the world's delight forſake mee,
I haue a Muſe, and ſhe ſhall Muſicke make mee;
Whoſe ayrie Notes in ſpight of cloſeſt cages,
Shall giue content to mee, and after ages.

Nor doe I paſſe for all this outward ill,
My hearts the ſame, and vndeiected ſtill;
And which is more then ſome in freedome winne,
I haue true reſt, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my Minde that ſpight of priſon's free,
When er'e ſhe pleaſes, any where can bee;
Shee's in an houre in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and heere againe.

Yet there's an other comfort in my woe,
My cauſe is ſpread, and all the world doth know,
My fault's no more but ſpeaking Truth and Reaſon,
Nor Debt, nor Theft, nor Murther, Rape, or Treaſon.

Nor

Nor ſhall my Foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their ſhame, nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they finde, they ſhall my fate enuy,
Till they grow leane, and ſicke, and mad, and dye.

Then though my Body here in Priſon rot,
And my poore Satyr's *ſeeme a while forgot:*
Yet when both Fame and Life haue left thoſe men,
My Verſe and I'le reuiue and liue agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then ſome abroad;
For whilſt their thoughts doe feele my ſcourges ſting,
In bands Ile leape, and daunce, and laugh, and ſing.

ALEXIS,

Why now I ſee thou droup'ſt not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'ſt thou on thy hunting day;
But doſt with vnchang'd reſolution beare,
The heauie burthen of exile away.

All that did truely know thee, did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy ſpirit ſtill agree'd;
Their good conceit thou doeſt no whit bereaue,
But ſheweſt that thou art ſtill thy ſelfe indeed.
If that thy minde to baſeneſſe now deſcends,
Thou'lt iniure *Vertue*, and deceaue thy friends.

WILLY.

Alexis, hee will iniure *Vertue* much,
But more his friends, and moſt of all himſelfe,
If on that common barre his minde but touch,
It wrackes his fame vpon diſgraces ſhelfe:
Yet *Roget*, if thou ſtere but on the courſe,
That in thy iuſt aduenture is begune;
No thwarting Tide, nor aduerſe blaſt ſhall force
Thy *Bark* without the *Channels* bounds to runne,
Thou art the ſame thou wert for ought I ſee,
When thou didſt freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, vnleſſe it be

More

More merrily diſpoſ'd then thou wert wont,
Still keepe thee thus, ſo other men ſhall know,
Vertue can giue content in midſt of woe.
And he thogh *mightines* with frowns doth threat,
To be yet *Innocent* is to be *great*.
Thriue and farewell.

ALEXIS. Tn this thy trouble floriſh.

CUDDY.

While thoſe that wiſh thee il, fret, pine, and periſh.

FINIS.

To his truly beloued louing Friend,
M. William Browne, of the
Inner Temple.

The fourth Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

ROGET *Heere on* Willy *calls,*
To ſing out his Paſtorals:
Warrants Fame *ſhall grace his Rimes,*
Spight of Enuy *and the Times;*
And ſhewes how in care he vſes,
To take comfort from his Muſes.

ROGET. WILLY.

PRethee *Willy* tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blytheſt Lad)
Art become ſo wondrous ſad?

And ſo careleſſe of thy quill,
As if thou had'ſt loſt thy skill.
Thou wert wont to charme thy Flocks,
And among theſe rudeſt rockes
Haſt ſo cheer'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee ſurely croſt,
That thy old wont thou haſt loſt,
Tell me, Haue I ought miſ-ſaid
That hath made thee illa-paid
Hath ſome Churle done thee a ſpight?
Doſt thou miſſe a Lambe to night?
Frownes thy faireſt *Shepheards* Laſſe?
Or how comes this ill to paſſe?
Is there any diſcontent
Worſe then this my baniſhment?

WILLY.

Why, doth that ſo euill ſeeme
That thou nothing worſe doeſt deeme?

Shepheard,

Shepheard, there full many bee,
That will chang *Contens* with thee.
Thoſe that chooſe their Walkes at will,
On the Valley or the Hill.
Or thoſe Pleaſures boaſt of can,
Groues or Fieldes may yeeld to man:
Neuer come to know the reſt,
Wherewithall thy minde is bleſt.
Many a one that oft reſorts
To make vp the troope at ſports,
And in company ſome while,
Happens to ſtraine foorth a ſmile:
Feeles more want, more outward ſmart,
And more inward griefe of hart,
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remayneth free.
Thou condemn'ſt my want of mirth,
But what find'ſt thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleeu'd,
Worth to make me ioy'd, or grieued;

And

And yet feele I (naitheleſſe)
Part of both I muſt confeſſe,
Sometime I of mirth doe borrow,
Otherwhile as much of ſorrow,
But my preſent ſtate is ſuch,
I'am not ioy'd, nor grieued much.

ROGET.

Why hath *WILLY* then ſo long
Thus forborne his wonted Song?
Wherefore doth he now let fall,
His well-tuned *Paſtorall*?
And my cares that muſicke barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the libertie I want,

WILLY.

That were very much to grant,
But doth this hold alway lad,

Thoſe

Thoſe that ſing not, muſt be ſad?
Did'ſt thou euer that Bird heare
Sing well, that ſings all the yeere?
Tom the *Piper* doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
There's a time to ſlacke the ſtring,
And a time to leaue to ſing.

ROGET.

Yea, but no man now is ſtill,
That can ſing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reaſon,
Song and *Muſicke* are in ſeaſon,
Now in this ſweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride.
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd vp in her beſt array
Hath inuited all the Swaines,
With the Laſſes of the Plaines
To attend vpon her ſport
At the places of reſort.

Corydon

The Shepheards Hunting.

Corridon (with his bould Rout)
Hath already been about
For the elder Shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-Pole*:
Whileſt the reſt haue built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a ſhower,
Seil'd ſo cloſe with boughs all greene,
Tytan cannot pry betweene.
Now the *Dayrie Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame:
And each doth her ſelfe aduance
To be taken in to dance:
Euery one that knowes to ſing,
Fits him for his Carolling:
So doe thoſe that hope for meede,
Either by the Pipe or Reede:
And though I am kept away,
I doe heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doe wend,
For the Garlands to contend.

Which

Which a Nimph that hight *Deſart*,
(Long a ſtranger in this part)
with her owne faire hand hath wrought
A rare worke (they ſay) paſt thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For ſhe calles them *Wreathes of fame.*
She hath ſet in their due place
Eu'ry flower that may grace,
And among a thouſand moe,
(Whereof ſome but ſerue for ſhow)
She hath woue in *Daphne* tree,
That they may not blaſted bee.
Which with *Time* ſhe edg'd about,
Leaſt the worke ſhould rauell out.
And that it might wither neuer,
Intermixt it with *Liue-euer.*
Theſe are to be ſhar'd among
Thoſe that doe excell for ſong:
Or their paſsions can rehearſe,
In the ſmooth'ſt and ſweeteſt verſe.

Then

Then for thoſe among the reſt,
That can play and pipe the beſt.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather and a Lambe.
And for thoſe that leapen farre,
Wraſtle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appoynted guerdons to,
He that beſt the firſt can doe
Shall for his reward be payd,
With a *Sheepe-hooke*, faire in-layd
With fine Bone, of a ſtrange Beaſt,
That men bring from out the Weſt.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Taſſel'd with fine coloured Thred.
There's prepared for their need,
That in running make moſt ſpeed,
Or the cunning Meaſures foote,
Cups of turned *Maple-roote*
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hath ingrau'd the *Loues* of *Pan*:
And the laſt hath for his due,

A fine Napkin wrought with blew.
Then my *Willy* why art thou
Careleſſe of thy merit now?
What doſt here with a wight
That is ſhut vp from delight,
In a ſolitary den,
As not fit to liue with men?
Goe my *Willy* get thee gone,
Leaue me in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song*,
Thou art young, yet ſuch a *Lay*
Neuer grac,d the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canſt fit vnto thy *Quill*:
I with wonder heard thee ſing,
At our laſt yeers Reuelling.
Then I with the reſt was free,
When vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder Swaines,
Enuy thy farre ſweeter ſtraines.

Yea

Yea, I ſaw the *Laſſes* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but her ſelfe ſhould heare.
And I know they yet doe long
For the res'due of thy Song.
Haſte thee then to ſing it foorth,
Take the benefite of woorth.
And *Deſert* will ſure bequeath
Fames faire Garland for thy wreath.
Hye thee *Willy*, hye away.

WILLY.

Roget, rather let me ſtay,
And be deſolate with thee,
Then at thoſe their *Reuels* bee,
Nought ſuch is my skill I wis,
As in deed thou deem'ſt it is.
But what ere it be, I muſt
Be content, and ſhall I truſt.

For

For a Song I doe not paſſe,
Mong'ſt my friends, but what (alas)
Should I haue to doe with them
That my Muſicke doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the ſame yet fauour not:
Yet I cannot well auow,
They my Carrols diſallow:
But ſuch malice I haue ſpid,
Tis as much as if they did.

ROGET.

Willy, What may thoſe men bee,
Are ſo ill, to malice thee?

WILLY.

Some are worthy-well eſteem'd,
Some without worth are ſo deem'd.

Others of ſo baſe a ſpirit,
They haue nor eſteeme, nor merit.

ROGET.

What's the wrong?

WILLY.

A ſlight offence,
Wherewithall I can diſpence;
But hereafter for their ſake,
To my ſelfe I'le muſicke make.

ROGET.

What, becauſe ſome Clowne offends,
Wilt thou puniſh all thy friends?

WILLY.

WILLY.

Honeſt *Roget* vnderſtand me,
Thoſe that loue me may command me.
But thou knowe'ſt I am but young,
And the *Paſtrall* I ſung,
Is by ſome ſuppos'd to be,
(By a ſtraine) too high for me:
So they kindely let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Truſt me, I doe wonder why
They ſhould me my owne deny.
Though I'me yong, I ſcorne to flit,
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare mee.
Yet I'le keepe my skill in ſtore,
Till I'ue ſeene ſome Winters more.

ROGET.

But in earneſt mean'ſt thou ſo?
Then thou art not wiſe, I trow.
Better ſhall aduiſe thee *Pan*,
For thou doſt not rightly than:
Thats the ready way to blot
All the credit thou haſt got.
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get an other ſtart of Time:
And make thoſe that ſo fond bee,
(ſpight of their owne dulneſſe) ſee
That the ſacred *Muſes* can
Make a child in yeares, a man.
It is know ne what thou canſt doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thou*, and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunſtanes* charmed well,
(As ſome preſent there can tell)

Sang vpon a ſodaine Theame,
Sitting by the Crimſon ſtreame:
Where, if thou didſt well or no,
Yet remaines the Song to ſhow.
Much experience more I'ue had
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)
And would make the World to know it;
But that Time will further ſhow it:
Enuy makes their tongues now runne
More then doubt of what is done;
For that needs muſt be thy owne,
Or to be ſome others knowne:
But how then wilt ſuit vnto
What thou ſhalt hereafter do?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that ſong part to thee:
Nay, were there ſo mad a Swaine,
Could ſuch glory ſell for gaine;
Hhœbus would not haue combin'd,
That gift with ſo baſe a minde.

Neuer did the *Nine* impart
The ſweet ſecrets of their art
Vnto any that did ſcorne,
We ſhould ſee their fauours worne.
Therefore vnto thoſe that ſay,
Where they pleas'd to ſing a Lay,
They could doo't, and will not tho;
This I ſpeake, for this I know:
None ere drunke the *Theſpian ſpring*,
And knew how, but he did ſing.
For that once infus'd in man,
Makes him ſhew't, doe what he can:
Nay thoſe that doe onely ſip
Or but eu'n their fingers dip
In that ſacred *Fount* (poore Elues)
Of that brood will ſhew themſelues;
Yea, in hope to get them fame,
They will ſpeake though to their ſhame
Let thoſe then at thee repine,
That by their witts meaſure thine.

Needs

Needs thoſe Songs muſt be thine owne,
And that one day will be knowne,
The ſame imputation to,
I my ſelfe doe vndergoe:
But it will appeare ere long,
I'me abus'd, and thou haſt wrong;
Who at twice ten haſt ſung more,
Then ſome will doe at foureſcore.
Cheere thee (honeſt *Willy*) then,
And begin thy Song agen.

WILLY.

Faine I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
If they yeeld they are my Rimes,
They will faine ſome other Crimes;
And 'tis no ſafe ventring by,
Where we ſee *Detraction* ly.

For doe what I can, I doubt,
Shee will picke ſome quarrell out;
And I oft haue heard defended,
Little ſayd, and ſoone amended.

ROGET.

See'ſt thou not in cleareſt dayes,
Oft thicke fogges could Heauens rayſe?
And the vapours that doe breath
From the Earths groſſe Wombe beneath,
Seeme they not with their blacke ſteames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames
And yet vaniſh into ayre,
Leauing it (vnblemiſht) faire?
So (my *Willy*) ſhall it bee
With *Detractions* breath and thee.
It ſhall neuer riſe ſo hie,
As to ſtaine thy Poeſie.

As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale;
Poeſie ſo ſometime draines,
Groſſe conceits from muddy braines;
Miſts of Enuie, fogs of ſpight,
Twixt mens iudgements & her light:
But ſo much her power may doo,
That ſhe can diſſolue them too.
If thy Verſe do brauely tower,
As ſhe makes wing, ſhe gets power:
Yet the higher ſhe doth ſore,
Shee's affronted ſtill the more:
Till ſhe to the high'ſt hath paſt,
Then ſhe reſtes with Fame at laſt,
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight:
For if I could match thy Rime.
To the very Starres I'de clime.
There begin againe, and ſtye,
Till I reach'd Æternity.

But (alas) my Muſe is ſlow:
For thy pace ſhe flagges too low:
Yes, the more's her hapleſſe fate,
Her ſhort wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my ſelfe put vp a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I'le flye where I neuer did.
And though for her ſake I'me croſt,
Though my beſt hopes I haue loſt,
And knew ſhe would make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
I would loue and keepe her to,
Spight of all the world could doe.
For though baniſht from my flockes,
And confin'd within theſe rockes,
Here I waſte away the light,
And conſume the ſullen Night,
She doth for my comfort ſtay,
And keepes many cares away.

Though

Though I miſſe the flowry Fields,
With thoſe ſweets the Spring-tyde yeelds,
Though I may not ſee thoſe Groues,
Where the Shepheards chaunt their Loues,
And the Laſſes more excell,
Then the ſweet voyc'd *Philomel*,
Though of all thoſe pleaſures paſt,
Nothing now remaines at laſt,
But *Remembrance* (poore reliefe)
That more makes, then mends my griefe:
She's my minds companion ſtill,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence ſhe ſhould be driuen to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the mid'ſt of ſorrow;
Makes the deſolateſt place
To her preſence be a grace;
And the blackeſt diſcontents
Be her faireſt ornaments.

In

The Shepheards Hunting.

In my former dayes of bliſſe,
His diuine skill taught me this,
That from euery thing I ſaw,
I could ſome inuention draw:
And raiſe pleaſure to her height,
Through the meaneſt obiects ſight,
By the murmure of a ſpring,
Or the leaſt boughs ruſteling.
By a Dazie whole leaues ſpred,
Shut when *Tytan* goes to bed;
Or a ſhady buſh or tree,
Shee could more infuſe in mee,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In ſome other wiſer man.
By her helpe I alſo now,
Make this churliſh place allow
Somthings that may ſweeten gladnes
In the very gall of ſadnes,
The dull loaneneſſ, the blacke ſhade,
That theſe hanging vaults haue made

The

The ſtrange Muſicke of the waues,
Beating on theſe hollow Caues,
This blacke Den which Rocks emboſſe
Ouer-growne with eldeſt Moſſe.
The rude Portals that giue light,
More to *Terrour*, then *Delight*.
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wal'd about with *Diſreſpect*,
From all theſe, and this dull ayre,
A fit obiect for Deſpaire;
Shee hath taught me by her might,
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore *thou beſt earthly bliſſe*,
I will cheriſh thee for this.
Poeſie; thou ſweeteſt content
That ere Heau'n to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leaue thee,
Whoſe dull thoughts can not conceiue thee,
Though thou be to them a ſcorne,
That to nought but earth are borne:

Let

Let my life no longer bee,
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wiſe ones call it madnes,
Let me neuer taſte of ſadnes,
If I loue not thy mad'ſt fits
Aboue all their greateſt wits.
And though ſome too ſeeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou doſt teach me to contemne
What makes *Knaues* & *Fooles* of them.
Oh high power, that oft doth carry
Men aboue,

WILLY.

Good *Roget* tarry
I doe feare thou wilt be gon
Quite aboue my reach anon;
The kind flames of Poeſie
Haue now borne thy thoughts ſo high

That

That they vp in Heauen bee,
And haue quite forgotten mee.
Call thy ſelfe to minde againe,
Are theſe Raptures for a Swaine,
That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with ſimple Heards doth keepe?

ROGET.

Thankes my *Willy*, I had runne
Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'ſt not made me ſtay;
But thy pardon heere I pray.
Lou'd *Apolo's* ſacred fire
Has rais'd vp my ſpirits higher
Through the loue of Poeſy,
Then in deed they vſe to flye.
But as I ſayd, I ſay ſtill,
If that I had *Willi's* skill,
Enuie nor Detractions tongue,
Should ere make me leaue my ſong:

But I'de ſing it euery day
Till they pin'd themſelnes away,
Be thou then aduis'd in this,
Which both iuſt and fitting is:
Finiſh what thou haſt begun,
Or at leaſt ſtill forward runne:
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blaſt of winde doth feare:
And if words will thus afray thee,
Prethee how will deeds diſmay thee?
Doe not thinke ſo rathe a ſong
Can paſſe through the vulgar throng,
And eſcape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Froſts we ſee doe nip that thing
Which is forward's in the Spring:
Yet at laſt for all ſuch lets
Somewhat of the reſt it gets:
And I'me ſure that ſo maiſt thou,
Therefore my kinde *Willy* now;

Since

Since thy folding time drawes on
And I ſee thou muſt be gon,
Thee I earneſtly beſeech
To remember this my ſpeech
And ſome little counſell take,
For thy poore friend *Rogets* ſake:
And I more of this will ſay,
If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS.

To Master W. F. of the Middle Temple.

The fift Eglogue.

ARGVMENT.

ROGET *Heers* Alexis *moues,*
To embrace the Muses loues;
Bids him neuer carefull seeme,
Of anothers disesteeme:
Since to them it may suffize,
That themselues can iustly prize.

ROGET. ALEXIS.

ALEXIS, if thy worth doe not disdaine
The humble friendship of a meaner Swaine
Or some more needfull busines of the day,
Vrge thee to be too hasty on thy way;
Come

Come (gentle Shepheard) reſt thee heere by mee,
Vnder the ſhadow of this broad-leau'd tree:
For though I ſeeme a ſtranger, yet mine eye
Obſerues in thee the markes of curteſie:
And if my iudgement erre not, noted too,
More then in thoſe that more would ſeeme to do;
Such *Vertues* thy rare modeſtie doth hide,
Which by their proper luſter I eſpy'd;
And though long maskt in ſilence they haue been
I haue a Wiſedome through that ſilence ſeene:
Yea, I haue learned Knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou haſt in concealement ſung
Which me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to inuite thee to this homely ſhade.
And though (it may be) thou couldſt neuer ſpy
Such worth in mee, I might be knowne thereby,
In thee I doe; for here my neighbouring Sheepe
Vpon the border of theſe Downes I keepe:
Where often thou at Paſtorals and playes,
Haſt grac'd our Wakes on Sommer Holy-dayes:

And many a time with thee at this cold ſpring
Met I, to heare your learned ſhepheards ſing,
Saw them diſporting in the ſhady Groues,
And in chaſte Sonnets wooe their chaſter loues:
When I endued with the meaneſt skill,
Mongſt others haue been vig'd to tune my quill,
Where (cauſe but little cunning I had got) (not.
Perhaps thou ſaw'ſt me, though thou knew'ſt me

ALEXIS.

Yes *Roget* I doe know thee and thy name,
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame,
Art not thou hee, that but this other yeere,
Scard'ſt all the Woules and Foxes in the ſheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately try'd
(Hauing ſcarce twentie Sacyrs on thy ſide)
Held'ſt play: & though aſſailed kept'ſt thy ſtand
Gainſt all the beſt-try'd Ruffians in the land?

Did'ſt

Did'ſt thou not then in dolefull Sonnets mone,
When the beloued of great *Pan* was gone;
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I muſt confeſſe that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For till I mark't the aime thy Satyers had,
I thought them ouerbold and *Roget* mad;
But ſince I did more nerely on thee looke
I ſoone perceiu'd that I all had miſtooke;
I ſaw that of a *Cynicke* thou mad'ſt ſhew
Where ſince I finde that thou wert nothing ſo,
And that of many thou much blame hadſt got
When as thy *Innocencie* deſeru'd it not.
But this to good opinion thou haſt ſeem'd
To haue of me (not ſo to be eſteem'd)
Preuailes not ought to ſtay him who doth feare
Hee rather ſhould reproofes then praiſes heare
'Tis true, I found thee plaine and honeſt to,
Which made me like, then loue, as now I doe.

And *Roget*, though a ſtranger, this I ſay,
Where I doe loue, I am not coy to ſtay.

ROGET.

Thankes gentle Swaine that doſt ſo ſoone vnfold
What I to thee as gladly would haue told:
And thus thy wonted curteſie expreſt
In kindly entertaining this requeſt:
Sure I ſhould iniurie my owne content,
Or wrong thy loue to ſtand on complement:
Who haſt acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in an age haue done:
Or by an ouer-weaning ſlowneſſe marre
What thy more wiſedome hath brought on ſo far
Then ſit thou downe and Ile my minde declare
As freely, as if we familiars were:
And if thou wilt but daigne to giue me eare,
Something thou mayſt for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

ALEXIS.

Willingly *Roget* I thy wiſh obey.

ROGET.

Then know *Alexis*, from that very day
When as I ſaw thee at that Shepheards Coate,
Where each (I thinke) of other tooke firſt noate,
I meane that Paſtor who by *Tauies* ſprings,
Chaſt Shepheards loues in ſweeteſt number ſings
And with his Muſicke (to his greater fame)
hath late made proud the faireſt *Nimphs* of Thame
E'ne then mee thought I did eſpie in thee,
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee:
Which in thy more apparant vertues ſhin'd,
And among many I in thought deuin'd,
By ſomething my conceit had vnderſtood,
That thou wert markt one of the Muſes brood,
That made mee loue thee: and that Loue I beare,
Begat a Pittie, and that Pittie Care:

Pittie I had to ſee good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to haue that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuſe
To poſſeſſe much and yet put nought in vſe:
Heereon I vow'd (if we two euer met)
The firſt requeſt that I would ſtriue to get
Should be but this, that thou wouldſt ſhew thy skil
How thou coul'dſt tune thy verſes to thy quill:
And teach thy muſe in ſome well framed ſong,
To ſhew the *Art* thou haſt ſuppreſt ſo long:
Which if my new acquaintance may obtaine,
Roget will euer honour this dayes gaine.

ALEXIS.

Alas! my ſmall experience ſcarce can tell
So much as where thoſe *Nymphes* the *Muſes* dwel,
Nor (though my ſloe conceit ſtill trauels on)
Shall I ere reach to drinke of *Hellicon*;

Or

Or if I might ſo fauour'd be to taſte
What thoſe ſweet ſtreams but ouer-flow in waſte,
And touch *Parnaſſus*, where it low'ſt doth lye,
I feare my skill would hardly flagge ſo hye.

ROGET.

Deſpare not Man, the Gods haue prized [illegible]
So deere, that may not be with labour bo[illegible]
Nor need thy paine be great ſince *Fate* & *Hea[illegible]*,
That (as a bleſſing) at thy birth haue giuen,

ALEXIS.

VVhy ſay thy had?

ROGET.

Then vſe their gifts thou muſt,
Or be vngratefull, and ſo be vniuſt:
For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more vngratefull muſt he be by oddes,
VVho doth conceale the bountie of the Gods.

ALEXIS

ALEXIS.

That's true indeed, but *Enuie* haunteth thoſe
Who ſeeking Fame, their hidden skill diſcloſe:
Where elſe they might (obſcur'd) from her eſpy-
Eſcape the blaſts & danger of enuying: (ing,
Criticks will cenſure our beſt ſtraines of Wit,
And purblind *Ignorance* miſconſture it.
And which is bad, yet worſe thē this doth follow
Moſt hate the *Muſes*, and contemne *Apollo*.

ROGET.

So let them: why ſhould we their hate eſteeme?
Is't not enough we of our ſelues can deeme?
Tis more to their diſgrace that we ſcorne them
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne;
Can we haue better paſtime then to ſee
Their groſſe heads may ſo much deceiued bee,

As

As to allow thoſe doings beſt, where wholly
We ſcoffe them to their face & flout their folly:
Or to behold blacke *Ennie* in her prime,
Die ſelfe-conſum'd, whilſt we vie liues with time:
And in deſpight of her, more fame attaine,
Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

ALEXIS.

Yea, but if I appli'd me to thoſe ſtraines, (plaines
Who ſhould driue foorth my Flocks vnto the
Which whilſt the Muſes reſt, and leaſure craue,
Muſt watering, folding, and attendance haue:
For if I leaue with wonted care to cheriſh
Thoſe tender heards, both I & they ſhould periſh.

ROGET.

Alexis, now I ſee thou doſt miſtake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forſak;o

Nor

Nor would I wiſh thee ſo thy ſelfe abuſe,
As to neglect thy calling for thy Muſe:
But let theſe two ſo of each other borrow,
That they may ſeaſon mirth and leſſen ſorrow.
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy Muſe to paſſe the long and tedious day:
Or whilſt thou tun'ſt ſweet meaſures to thy *Reed*,
Thy Sheepe to liſten will more neere thee feed,
The Wolues wil ſhun them, birds aboue thee ſing
And Lamkins daunce about thee in a Ring:
Nay which is more; in this thy low eſtate,
Thou in contentment ſhalt with Monarks mate:
For mighty *Pan*, & *Ceres* to vs grants, (wants.
Our Fields and Flocks ſhall helpe our outward
The Muſes teach vs Songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and ſweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Laſſes on the greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the faireſt Queenes:
Or what is more then moſt of them ſhall doe,
Wee le make their ruſter fames laſt longer to,

Hauing

Hauing our Lines by greateſt Princes grac'd,
When both their name and memory's defac'd.
Therefore *Alexis* though that ſome diſdaine
The heauenly Muſicke of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (or'e ſeene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other-ſome enuy
The praiſes due to ſacred Poeſie,
Let them diſdaine and fret till they are weary,
We in our ſelues haue that ſhall make vs merry:
Which he that wants, & had the power to know
Would giue his life that he might die a Poet. (it,

ALEXIS.

A braue perſwaſion.

ROGET.

Here thou ſee'ſt me pent
Within the iawes of ſtrict impriſonment;

A forelorne *Shepheard*, voyd of all the meanes,
Whereon Mans common hope in danger leanes:
Weake in my ſelfe, Expoſed to the *Hate*
Of thoſe whoſe *Enuies* are inſatiate:
Shut from my friends, baniſh'd from all delights;
Nay worſe, excluded from the ſacred *Rites*.
Here I do liue (mongſt out-laws markt for death)
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
Where thoſe who to be good did neuer know,
Are barred frō the meanes ſhould make them ſo.
I ſuffer, cauſe I wiſh'd my Country well,
And what I more muſt beare I cannot tell.
I'me ſure they giue my Body little ſcope,
And would allow my *Minde* as little *Hope*:
I waſte my Meanes, which of it ſelfe is ſlender,
Conſume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)
And many Croſſes haue, which thoſe that can
Conceaue no wrong that hurts another man,
Will not take note of, though if halfe ſo much
Should light on them, or their owne perſō touch,

Some

Some that themſelues (I feare) moſt worthy think
With all their helpes would into baſenes ſhrinke;
But ſpight of *Hate*, and all that Spight can doe,
I can be patient yet, and merrie to:
That ſlender *Muſe* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though ſcarſe deſeru'd, hath gaind a little fame,
Hath made me vnto ſuch a Fortune borne,
That al misfortunes I know how to ſcorne; (be
Yea, midſt theſe bands can ſleight the *Great'ſt* that
As much as their diſdaine miſteemes of me.
This Caue, whoſe very preſence ſome affrights,
I haue oft made to Eccho foorth delights,
And hope to turne, if any Iuſtice be,
Both ſhame and Care on thoſe that wiſht it me:
For while the world rancke villanies affords,
I will not ſpare to paint them out in words;
Becauſe I thus into theſe troubles runne,
I knew what man could act, e're I begun;
And I'le fulfill what my Muſe drawes me to,
Maugre all Iayles, and Purgatories to.

For

For whil'ſt ſhe ſets me honeſt task's about,
Vertue or ſhee I know, will beare me out:
And if by *Fate* th'abuſed power of ſome,
Muſt in the worlds eye leaue me ouercome.
They ſhall find one fort yet ſo fenc'd I trow,
It can not feele a mortals ouerthrow.
This Hope & Truſt that'great power did infuſe,
That firſt inſpir'd into my breſt a *Muſe*,
By whom I doe, and euer will contemne
All thoſe ill haps, my foes deſpight, and them.

ALEXIS.

Thou haſt ſo well (young *Roget*) playd thy part
I am almoſt in loue with that ſweet Art:
And if ſome power will but inſpire my ſong,
Alexis will not be obſcured long.

Roget.

ROGET.

Enough kind Paſtor: But oh! yonder ſee
Two honeſt Shepheards walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that ſo dearely loue,
Who are repayring vnto yonder Groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made muſicke to their flocks vpon theſe plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
What rare contents do with a Poet dwell. (ſheare
Then whiles our ſheepe the ſhort ſweet graſſe do
And till the long ſhade of the hils appeare,
We'le heare thē ſing: for though the one be yong
Neuer was any that more ſweetly ſung.

FINIS.

T

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A Poſtſcript

TO THE READER.

IF you haue read this, and receiued any content, I am gladde, (though it be not ſo much as I could wiſh you,) if you thinke it idle, why then I ſee wee are not likelie to fall out; for I am iuſt of your mindes; yet weigh it well before you runne too farre in your cenſures, leaſt this proue

leſſe barren of Witte, then you of courteſie It is verie true (I know not by what chance) that I haue of late been ſo highly beholding to *Opinion*, that I wonder how I crept ſo much into her fauour, and (if I did thinke it worthy the fearing) I ſhould be afraid that ſhe hauing ſo vndeſeruedly befriended me beyonde my *Hope* or expectation, will, vpon as little cauſe, ere long, againe picke ſome quarrell againſt mee: and it may be, meanes to make vſe of *this*, which I know muſt needes come farre ſhort of their expectation, who

by

by their earneſt deſire of it, ſeem'd to be fore-poſſeſt with a farre better conceit then I can beleeue it proues worthy of. So much at leaſt I doubted, and therefore loath to deceiue the world (though it often beguile me) I kept it to my ſelfe, indeed not dreaming euer to ſee it publiſhed: But now, by the ouermuch perſwaſion of ſome friendes, I haue beene conſtrained to expoſe it to the generall view. Which ſeeing I haue done, Some things I deſire thee to take notice of. Firſt, that I am *Hee* who to pleaſure

my friende, haue fram'd my ſelfe a content out of that vvhich vvould otherwiſe diſcontent mee. Secondly, that I haue coueted more to effect vvhat I thinke truely honeſt in it ſelfe, then by a ſeeming ſhew of Arte, to teach the vayne blaſtes of vncertaine *Opinion*. This that I haue heere vvritten, vvas no part of my ſtudie, but onely a recreation in impriſonment: and a trifle, neither in my conceite fitting, nor by mee intended to be made common; yet ſome, and it ſhould ſeeme eſteeming it worthie more

reſpect

reſpect then I did, tooke paynes to copie it out, vnknowne to mee, and in my abſence got it both Authorized and prepared for the Preſſe; ſo that if I had not hindred it, laſt *Michaelmas-Tearme* had beene troubled with it. I vvas much blamed by ſome Friendes for withſtanding it, to whoſe requeſt I ſhould more eaſily haue conſented, but that I thought (as indeed I yet doe) I ſhould thereby more diſparage my ſelfe, then content them. For I doubt I ſhall bee ſuppoſed one of thoſe, who out of their

arrogant deſire of a little prepoſterous *Fame*, thruſt into the world euery vnſeaſoned trifle that drops out of their vnſetled braines; whoſe baſeneſſe how much I hate; thoſe that know mee can witneſſe, for if I were ſo affected, I might perhaps preſent the vvorld vvith as many ſeuerall *Poems*, as I haue ſeene yeares; and iuſtly make my ſelfe appeare to bee the Authour of ſome things that others haue ſhamefully vſurped and made vſe of as their owne. But I will bee content other men ſhould owne

ſome

ſome of thoſe Iſſues of the *Braine*, for I would bee loth to confeſſe all that might in that kinde call mee Father. Neither ſhall any more of them, by my conſent, in haſte againe trouble the world, vnleſſe I know which way to benefit it with leſſe preiudice to my owne eſtate. And therefore if any of thoſe leſſe ſerious *Poems* which are already diſperſt into my friends handes, come amongſt you, let not their publication be imputed to mee, nor their lightneſſe bee any diſparagement to what hath beene ſince more ſeriouſly

written,

written, ſeeing it is but ſuch ſtuffe as riper iudgements haue in their far elder yeares been much more guilty of.

I know an indifferent *Critticke* may finde many faultes as well in the ſleightneſſe of this preſent *Subiect*, as in the erring from the true nature of an *Eglogue*: moreouer, it altogether concernes my ſelfe, which diuers may diſlike. But neither can be done on iuſt cauſe: The firſt hath bin anſwered already: The laſt might conſider that I was there where my owne eſtate was chiefly to be looked vnto, and

all

all the comfort I could miniſter vnto my ſelfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading, I ſhall be glad: if hee thinke his paynes ill beſtow'd, let him blame himſelfe for medling with that concerned him not: I neither commended it to him, neither cared whether he read it or no; becauſe I knew thoſe that were deſirous of it, will eſteeme the ſame as much as I expect they ſhould.

But it is not vnlikely, ſome will thinke, I haue in diuers places been more wan-

ton

ton (as they take it) then befitting a *Satirift*; yet their ſeueritie I feare not, becauſe I am aſſured all that I euer yet did, was free from *Obſcænitie:* neither am I ſo *Cynicall*, but that I thinke a modeſt expreſsion of ſuch amorous conceites as ſute with Reaſon, will yet very well become my yeares; in which not to haue feeling of the power of *Loue*, were as great an argument of much ſtupiditie, as an ouer-lottiſh affection vvere of extreame folly. Laſtly, if you thinke it hath not vvell anſwered the Title of the *Shepheards Hunting*,

goe quarrell with the *Stationer*, who bid himſelfe God-father, and impoſed the *Name* according to his owne liking; and if you, or hee, finde any other faultes, pray mend them.

Valete.

FINIS.